

*Frenchman Begar me lost my Vatch*  
*Englishman There it goes up in the Air Balloon*

THE  
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O R,  
*F L I G H T S*

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THE  
T R I A L  
OF THE  
Right Hon. Ann, Countess of  
Cork and Orrery,  
AT THE  
Consistory Court of DOCTORS COMMONS,  
Upon a L I B E L,  
Charging her with committing the Crime of  
A D U L T E R Y,  
And violating her Marriage Vow.  
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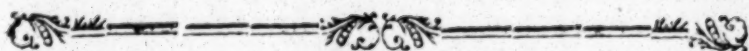
The principal Witnesses, &c. being  
John Charles Newby, of the Hay Market Theatre, Mu-  
sician; Elizabeth Cross, House-keeper to Lady Cork;  
Ann Newman, Lady's Woman to Lady Cork; Alexan-  
der Rice, Box-keeper to the Hay Market Theatre; Na-  
thaniel Vick, Footman to Lady Cork; the Rev. Dr.  
Eyre; John Colledge, Lord Cork's Gentleman; Susan-  
nah Jones; Thomas Sutliff; James Durham; Sophia  
Van-Ryne, spinster; Robert Brown; Martha Brown;  
George Bulkley, Musician, at the Hay Market Thea-  
tre; William Jones; Thomas Gray; Elizabeth Brown;  
Ann Lambert, Servant to Lady Cork, &c.

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THE  
BALLOON JESTER;  
OR,  
*F L I G H T S*  
OF  
WIT and HUMOUR.

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**D**URING the time the *Air Balloon* was letting off in the *Artillery Ground*, a Frenchman attending among the rest as a spectator, conceiving that Les Angloises could not be so adroit at an invention that was claimed by his countrymen, and which had been exhibited with such splendor and applause at Paris; and in order to ascertain the precise time, he pulled out a remarkable fine gold watch, which he held in his hands; this circumstance being observed by one of our nimble fingered gentry, he artfully (when the Frenchman thought he had returned it into his fob) conveyed it away; the *Balloon* being let off, and Monsieur requiring to know how long it would be visible, applied to



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his watch, which to his great surprize, he found gone, *O mon Dieu*, says he, turning round, *it is gone* — *gone* roars out a good honest Englishman, why you look the wrong way — *Vay beggar me lost my watch* — *lost your watch*, continued the Englishman laughing, *why there it goes up in the Air Balloon !*

A country fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last looked into a lottery-office, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there; but calling to the clerk, Pray Sir, said he, what do you sell here, *loggerheads*, cried the other, *Do you ?* answered the countryman, *Egad then you've a special trade, for I see you have but one left.*

Three or four roguish scholars walking out one day from the University of Oxford, espyed a poor fellow near Abingdon, asleep in a ditch, with an ass by him laden with earthen ware, holding the bridle in his hand, says one of the scholars to the rest, If you will assist me, I'll help you to a little money, for you know we are bare at present. No doubt of it, they were not long consenting: Why then, said he, we'll go and sell this old fellow's ass at Abingdon; for you know the fair is to-morrow, and we shall meet with chapmen enough; therefore, do you take the panniers off, and put them upon my back, and that bridle over my head, and then lead the ass to market, and then let me alone with the old man. This being done accordingly, in a little time after the poor man awaking, was strangely surprised to see his ass thus metamorphosed: Oh! for God's sake, said the scholar, take this bridle out of my mouth, and this load from my back. Zoons, how came you here,

## THE BALLOON JESTER. 5

heré, replied the old man? Why, said he, my father, who is a necromancer, upon an idle thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an ass; but now his heart has relented, and I am come to my own shape again, I beg you will let me go home and thank him. By all means, said the crockery merchant, I do not desire to have any thing to do with conjuration; and so set the scholar at liberty, who went immediately to his comrades, that by this time were making merry with the money they had sold the ass for: But the old fellow was forced to go the next day to seek for a new one in the fair, and after having looked on several, his own was shewn him for a very good one: *Oh! oh!* said he, *what! have he and his father quarrelled again already?* No, no, *I'll have nothing to say to him.*

A gentleman being at dinner at a friend's house, the first thing that came upon the table was a dish of whittings, and one being on his plate, he found it stink so much that he could not eat a bit of it; but he laid his mouth down to the fish, as if he was whispering to it, and then took up the plate, and put it to his own ear. The gentleman, at whose table he was, enquiring into the meaning, he told him, That he had a brother lost at sea about *a fortnight ago*, and he was asking that fish if he knew any thing of him; and what answer made he, said the gentleman. *He told me*, replied the other, *that he cou'd give no account of him, for he had not been at sea these three weeks.*

N. B. I would not have any of my readers apply this story, as an unfortunate gentleman did once, who the next day after he had first heard it, was whispering to a stinking *rump of beef*, at a friend's house.

Michael Angelo, in his picture of the Last Judgment, in the Pope's chapel, painted among the Figures in hell, that of a certain Cardinal, who was his enemy, so like, that every body knew it at first sight : Whereupon the Cardinal complaining to Pope Clement the VIIth. of the affront, and desiring it might be defaced : *You know very well,* said the Pope, *I have power to deliver a soul out of Purgatory, but not out of hell.*

Two gentlemen disputing about religion in Batson's coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer* ; Done, said the other, and Johnny Wilkes here shall hold stakes. The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, *I believe in God*, and so went cleverly through the Creed : *Well*, said the other, *I own I have lost ; I did not think he could have done it.*

An English lawyer of the Temple, having occasion to go to dinner, left the directions in his key-hole. *Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you sha'll find me ; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he shall read it for you.*

A punster was desired one night in company, by a gentleman, to make a *pun extempore*. Upon what subject ? said he, *The king*, answered the other. *Oh, Sir*, said he, *the king is no subject.*

Jemmy Johnson being asked what wine he chiefly chused for his own drinking, answered, *that of other people's.*

A traveller coming into the kitchen of an inn, in a very cold night, stood so close to the fire that  
he

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he burnt his boots. An arch rogue, who sat in the chimney-corner, cried out to him, Sir, Sir, you'll burn your spurs presently. *My boots you mean, I suppose*, said the gentleman. *No, Sir*, replied the other, *they are burnt already.*

Two country attornies overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to break a joke upon him, ask'd him, Why his fore horse was so fat and the rest so lean? The waggoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, answer'd them, *That his fore horse was his lawyer, and the rest were his clients.*

At a cause tried at the King's Bench bar, a witness was produced who had a very red nose, and one of the counsel, a good impudent fellow, being desirous to put him out of countenance, called to to him, after he was sworn, Well, let's hear what you have to say with your copper nose; *Why Sir*, said he, *by the Oath I have taken, I would not change my copper nose for your brazen face.*

A living of 500*l. per annum*, falling in the gift of the late lord chancellor T—b—t, Sir R— W— recommended one of his friends as very deserving of the benefice, whom his lordship approved of. In the interim, the curate, who had served the last incumbent many years for poor 30*l. per annum*, came up with a petition, signed by many of the inhabitants, testifying his good behaviour, setting forth that he had a wife and seven children to maintain, and begging his lordship would stand his friend, that he might be continued in his curacy: and, in consideration of his large family, if he could prevail with the next incumbent

to



to add 10*l.* a year, he should for ever pray. His lordship, according to his usual goodness, promised to use his utmost endeavours to serve him ; and the reverend gentleman, for whom the living was designed, coming soon after to pay his respects, my Lord told him the affair of the curate, with this difference only, that he should allow him 60*l.* a year instead of 30*l.* The parson, in some confusion, replied, He was sorry that he could not grant his request, for that he had promised the curacy to another, and could not go back from his word. *How!* says my Lord, *have you promised the curacy before you was possessed of the living?* Well, to keep your word with your friend, if you please, I'll give him the curacy, but the living, I assure you, I'll give to another : And saying this he left him. The next day the poor curate coming to know his destiny, my Lord told him, That he had used his endeavours to serve him as to the curacy, but with no success, the reverend gentleman having disposed of it before. The curate, with a deep sigh, returned his lordship thanks for his goodness, and was going to withdraw, when my lord calling him back, said, with a smile, *Well, my friend, 'tis true, I have it not in my power to give you the curacy ; but if you will accept of the living, 'tis at your service.* The curate, almost surprized to death with joy, in the most moving expressions of gratitude, return'd his lordship thanks, whose goodness had in a moment rais'd him and his family from a necessitous condition, to a comfortable state of life.

A young gentleman playing at questions and commands with some pretty young ladies, was commanded to take off a garter from one of them, but she, as soon as he had laid hold of her petticoats, run



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run away into the next room, where was a bed :  
Now, madam, said he, tripping up her heels, *I*  
*bar squeaking.* Bar the door, you fool, cry'd she.

A certain senator, who is not, it may be, esteem-  
ed the wisest man in the house, has a frequent cus-  
tom of shaking his head, when another speaks ;  
which giving offence to a particular person, he  
complained of the indignity shewn to him ; but  
one who had been acquainted with the first gen-  
tleman from a child, as he told the House, assured  
them, that it was only a bad habit that he had  
got, *For though he would shake his head, there was*  
*nothing in it.*

A country clergyman, meeting a neighbour,  
who never came to church, although an old fel-  
low of above sixty, he gave him some reproof on  
that account, and asked if he never read at home ?  
No, replied the clown, I can't read. I dare say,  
said the parson, you don't know who made you ?  
Not I, in troth, cry'd the countryman. A little  
boy coming by at the same time, who made you,  
child ? said the parson. God, Sir, answered the  
boy. Why look you there, quoth the honest  
clergyman, are not you asham'd to hear a child of  
five or six years old tell me who made him, when  
you, that are so old a man, cannot ? *Ah,* said the  
countryman, *it is no wonder that he should remember*  
*he was made but t'other day, it is a great while, meas-*  
*ter, sin I war made.*

An honest French Dragoon in the service of  
Lewis the fourteenth, having caught a fellow in  
bed with his wife, after some words, told him, he  
would let him escape that time ; but by G——,  
B if

if ever he found him there again, he'd throw his hat out of the window. Notwithstanding this terrible threat, in a very few days he caught the spark in the same place, and was as good as his word. Knowing what he had done, he posted away to a place, where he knew the King was to be, and throwing himself at his Majesty's feet, implored his pardon. The King asked him what his offence was? he told him how he had been abused, and that he had thrown the man's *hat out of the window*. Well, well, said the king, laughing, I very readily forgive you, considering your provocation, I think you were much in the right to throw his *hat out of the window*. Yes, and it please you, my Liege, said the Dragoon, but *his head was in it*. Was it so? replied the King. Well, my word is past.

A certain Italian having wrote a book upon the *art of making gold*, dedicated it to Pope Leo X. in hopes of a good reward. His holiness finding the man constantly following him, at length gave him a large empty purse, saying, *Sir, since you know how to make gold, you can have no need of any thing but a purse to put it in.*

A gentleman, whose wife complain'd a little of his manhood, consented that she should make choice of any one, so that it was but one, and do family duty in his stead: She chose the coachman, a sturdy fellow, but by some accident the reverend chaplain came to suspect the intrigue that was carrying on by his patron's Lady, and was resolv'd to watch her water's; it was not long before he had an opportunity, by peeping through a key-hole, of being entirely confirm'd in his suspicion  
and

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and being a very conscientious man, he thought it his duty to acquaint her husband with it : He told him he could not see him abus'd in so vile, so abominable manner, without letting him know it. *Hush, hush, doctor*, said the gentleman, *the thing is a secret ; I give my coachman twenty pounds a year extraordinary for that very service. Gad take me*, cry'd the conscientious parson, *why would you not speak to me? I would have done it for half the money, and have thank'd you too.*

A late archbishop having promised one of his chaplains, who was a favourite, the first good living in his gift, that he should like, and think worthy his acceptance : soon after hearing of the death of an old rector, whose pasonage was worth about 200 pounds a year, sent his chaplain to the place to see how he liked it ; the doctor, when he came back again, thank'd his grace for the offer he had made him ; but said, he had met with such an account of the country, and the neighbourhood, as was not at all agreeable to him, and therefore should be glad, if his grace pleased, to wait till something else fell : Another vacancy not long after happening, the archbishop sent him also to view that ; but he returned as before, not satisfy'd with it, which did not much please his grace : A third living much better than either of the other becoming vacant, as he was told, the chaplain was again sent to take a view of that ; and when he came back, Well, now, said my Lord, how do you like this living ? What objection can you have to this ? I like the country very well, my Lord, answered he, and the house, the income and the neighbourhood but——, —— *But !* replied the archbishop, what *but* can there be then ? *But*, my Lord, said he, the old incumbent is not

dead, I found him smoking his pipe at the gate of his house.

Two city ladies meeting on a visit, one a grocer's wife, and the other a cheesemonger's (who perhaps stood more upon their punctilio of precedence than some of their betters would have done at the court end of the town) when they had risen up and took their leave, the cheesemonger's wife was going out of the room first, upon which the grocer's lady pulling her back by the tail of her gown, and stepping before her, *No madam, said she, nothing comes after cheese.*

A gentleman having a pretty woman to his wife in a certain country place, could not forbear being a little jealous of her having too great an intimacy with, or at least casting too favorable an eye upon, a young captain in the neighbourhood; and being obliged to go a journey from home, for two or three days, his head ran so upon the captain and his wife, that after he was got four or five miles, the roughest and dirtiest part of the whole way, he calls to his man, and orders him to go back to his wife, and tell her, that for some particular reasons he desired she would not see the captain in his absence. The man was very much displeased at being sent back again through the dirt on such an idle errand, and having a little more discernment than his master, knew, that forbidding a woman to do a thing was oftentimes the readiest way to egg her on to it, resolved not to carry the message: but when he came home, and his lady with great surprize asked him the reason of his return so soon, and if his master was come to any hurt? He answer'd her, No, but he had sent him back with a very odd message to her, he could not imagine the  
meaning



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meaning of it : He desires, said he, madam, of all love and kindness, that you would not ride upon our great dog, Ball, during his absence. Ride upon Ball, cried she, the man's mad sure ! Well, well, you may tell him, I shall hardly disobey his commands.

But the man no sooner out of sight, but she calls to her maid, and tells her of the ridiculous orders her husband had sent her ; and that Harry came back four or five miles upon no other account ; for my part, continued she, such a thing would never have come into my head, if he had not taken such pains to have put it there, and now, methinks, I long to ride upon Ball. Do you think he can carry me, Betty ? I shall never be easy till I try.

The maid, who was always ready to assist her mistress in any thing, to gratify her inclinations, told her, she would go and bring the dog to her, and that she verily believed he could carry her.

Ball being brought forth, and his mistress mounted on his back, began to curvet and prance round the hall, but unfortunately threw his rider with her head against the frame of the great old fashioned table, which gave her such a cut in her forehead, that she was obliged to have it plaister'd and bound up with a linen cloth, which she could not get well enough to leave off before her husband returned, who enquiring with much concern into the occasion of it. *Why, what did you send me word for* (said she,) *that I should not ride upon Ball ?* The man that stood close by his master, whispered in his ear, *Better so, Sir, than worse.*

A certain noble lord in the county of Hants, who had not much applied himself to letters, and was remarkable for his ill spelling, dining at a neighbouring gentleman's house, took notice several  
times



times, and commended a snuff-box he made use of; when my Lord was gone away, the gentleman's wife said to her husband, *My dear, you did not observe how often my Lord commended your snuff-box; I dare say he would have been highly pleased if you had made him an offer of it; If I was you, I would send it after him.* The gentleman took his lady's advice, and the next morning sent a servant away with a letter, and the snuff-box, as a present to the Lord.

The lady judged right, for my Lord was mightily delighted with it, and returned a most complaisant letter of thanks for the present, and told the gentleman, in his ill spelling, that he was greatly obliged to him, and in a few days would send him an *elephant* (*equivalent* he would have said.) The gentleman not at all liking my Lord's proposal, sent his servant with a letter again the next day, telling his lordship, that he was very glad the box was so acceptable to him, and thanking him for the honor he designed him, but begged he would not think of sending what he mentioned, for it would not only be attended with an expence, which he could not very well afford, being such a devouring animal, but would bring such numbers of people to see it, that it would make the house a perfect Lake-house. My Lord, a little while after, meeting the gentleman, told him, he was surprised at his letter, and could not imagine what he meant by it. The *Elephant*, said he, that your Lordship spoke of sending to me. *Elephant*, said the learned Lord, how could a man of your understanding make such a mistake? I said I would send you an *equivalent*. I beg your Lordship's pardon, returned the gentleman, and am ashamed of being such a dunce, that I could not read your Lordship's letter.

Lady

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Lady Bridget Lane, now Lady Bridget Marsh, was presiding one evening at the table, one of her ruffles caught the fire of a candle; Lord Littleton, who was one of the party, and intending to be witty on the accident, said, 'he did not think her ladyship so apt to take fire;' 'nor am I, my lord, from such a *spark* as you.'

A young sprig of nobility, who imagined that wit and a peerage were consentaneous, said once to a poor clergyman, (the constant butt of fools of fortune) who happened to sit next a goose, 'Doctor, with all your learning, can you tell me, why the goose is always placed next to the parson?' 'Indeed, my Lord,' replied he, 'I cannot; but whenever I see a goose again, I shall certainly think of your lordship.'

The facetious Dean Swift, hearing two of his servants disputing which of them was to carry the Dean's boots, to a place where he was to take horse, called them in, and asked them what they were quarrelling about? Both answered, 'Nothing.' 'Very well,' said the Dean, 'then go and fetch me my boots.' The boots being brought accordingly, he gave to each of them one, saying, 'Do you take this boot, and do you take that; and do you go on this side the way, and do you go on t'other; and wait for me where the horse is.— I know you were quarrelling about nothing.'

A few days ago, Foote went to spend his Christmas with the late Charles Bryan, Esq; when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by a scarcity of wood in the house, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly, on the third day after he went there,

there, he ordered his chaise, and was preparing to set out for town.——Mr. Bryan seeing him with his boots on in the morning, asked him what hurry he was in, and pressed him to stay. “No, no,” says Foote, “was I to stay any longer, you would not let me have a leg to stand on” “Why, sure,” says Mr. Bryan, “we do not drink so hard.”——“No,” says the wit, “but there is so little wood in your house, that I am afraid one of your servants may light the fire some morning with my right leg.”

A handsome young woman, who was a witness in a trial of crim. con. before Lord Mansfield, was interrogated by Counsellor Dunning, who thinking to confuse the woman, made her take off her bonnet, that he might have a view of her countenance, and see (for all counsellors are complete judges of physiognomy) whether the truth came from her lips. After he had put many ridiculous questions to her, he asked her whether her mistress had ever communicated the important secret to her? “No, Sir,” said the woman, “she never did.” And how can you swear to her infidelity? “Because I saw another gentleman besides my master in bed with her.” Indeed! said the counsellor. “Yes, indeed, Sir. And pray, my good woman, said the modest counsellor, thinking to silence her at once; did your master, (for I see you are very handsome) in return for his wife’s infidelity, go to bed to you?” *That trial* (says the spirited woman) *does not come on to day, Mr. Slabberchops.*——Lord Mansfield was tickled to the soul, he thrust his hand into the waistband of his breeches, (his custom when highly delighted) and asked Dunning if he had any more interrogatories to put?

## THE BALLOON JESTER.

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put ? ' No, my lord, I have done,' said the chop fallen orator, settling his wig, and sitting down.

A judge in a town in Italy condemned a poor fellow to be hanged ; but it being a place where executions were not frequent, there was never a gallows ready. Upon this the jailor sent to the carpenter of the quarter to make one ; he, however having been employed at different times to perform the same service before (which he had never been paid for) he absolutely refused, without having the money for his wood and labour in hand. The judge in a great passion, immediately sent for the carpenter, and desired to know how he dared to refuse making the gallows, according to his command ; to which the other replied, It's very true, I refused to make it for the jailor, because I have made others for him before, for which he never paid me ; *but if I had known the gallows had been for your worship, I would have got it ready with all my heart.*

A certain couple going to Dunmow, in Essex, to claim the flitch of bacon, which is to be given to every married pair, who can swear they have had no dispute, nor once repented their bargain in a year and a day. The steward, ready to deliver it, asked where they would put it ? The husband produced a bag, and told him in that.—That, said the steward, is not near big enough to hold it. So I told my wife, replied the good man, and I believe we have had a hundred words about it. *Ay,* said the steward, *but they were not such as will butter cabbage to eat with this bacon,* and so hung the flitch up again.



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An honest Jack Tar being at a Quaker's meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth speak with great emotion against the ill consequence of giving the lie in conversation, and therefore, he advised, when a man was telling a tale that was not consistent with truth or probability, to cry, *twang*, which would not irritate passion as the lie would. Afterwards digressing into the story of the great miracles of five thousand being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. he told them, that they were not such loaves as are used now, but were as big as a mountain; at the hearing of which, the tar uttered with a loud voice, *twang!* What, says the Quaker, dost thou think I lie, friend? No, says Jack, but I am thinking *how big the ovens were that baked them.*

A certain nobleman, who used to dangle after Miss Younge, and one night being behind the scenes, standing with his arms folded in the posture of a desponding lover, asked her with a sigh, what was a cure for love? Your lordship, said she, *is the best* in the world.

Alderman K——n one day seeing his footman with an old greasy hat, slouching over his shoulders, Sirrah, says the alderman, who gave you that cuckold's hat? *Indeed Sir, says John, it was my mistress gave it me, and told me it was one of yours.*

A worthy old gentleman in the country having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, he was greatly surprized on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected; the *honest* attorney assured him  
that

## THE BALLOON JESTER.

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that there was no article in his bill *but what was fair and reasonable.* ‘ Nay, said the country gentleman, there’s one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and fourpence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way ; pray what is the meaning of that, Sir?—‘ *Oh! Sir,* said he, *that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carriers that you sent me for a present out of the country.*

## FEMALE QUAKER.

MEN *and* BRETHREN, —

WHILST Leah Drivel — who hath oft’ times had — the spirit within her, — was holding forth, I being retired within, the spirit said to my inward woman, Sarah, —, Sarah, — Sarah, I say, arise, and wag thy organ of utterance as I shall thee incite, for verily verily Leah Drivel’s holding forth is little better than the cackling of a hen, or the yelping of Toby Snufflewell’s little bitch. — Umh. —

THEREFORE, my friends, I shall utter, with the tongue of intelligence. — Behold, it came to pass, as I was journeying, on the third day of the 7th month, on the wayside, with favillaws and polonies for the market, having occasion to ease my earthly tabernacle, I went behind a hedge, when lo! the whilst I was in the act of thrusting forth the troublesome guest, a voice said, Sarah! Yea, said I, here I am, what willest thou? The voice answered and said, whither journeyest thou? Verily, said I, when I have eased my earthly tabernacle, I shall go with favillaws and polonies to the market ; though, peradventure, I may ‘ tarry at friend Snifflewhistle’s, the bellows-maker’s, habitation. Then said the voice, art thou an hung-

ered Sarah? Yea, said I. Then said the voice, art thou thirsty, Sarah. Yea; said I. Then said the voice, thou art a type of the dwellers in modern Babylon, inasmuch as they hunger and thirst after the minced meat of abomination and the savory pottage of iniquity; therefore be speedy in protruding the troublesome inhabitant, for thou must turn thee back, and go unto the great city, and, in the strength of the faith, kick the shin-bone of wickedness until iniquity doth halt. — Umh. —

THEN I arose, let fall my garments, and came unto this great city: and, now I am come hither, behold, even as Deborah Swallow-tripe, the sausage maker, stuffeth the sheep-get, so will I stuff ye with the chopped meat of purity, and I will rub ye up, O ye sons of men; but not as the wanton female rubbeth up your outward man, nay; but I wil rub ye up in the inward man, until ye are strongly inclined to do the thing which is good; for, behold, my outward woman is in agitation, as it were, through the perturbation within, at my warm desires to be convinced ye are so minded: I say it moveth me in the spirit, yea, in my inward woman. — Umh. —

BEWARE of harlots, O my brethren, lest they dandle with the untuly member, and cause an insurrection of the flesh, and ye become like unto Tobias, my first-born, who was allured by a harlot with a smirking eye and of a pleasant countenance, and who thereupon went in unto her, but lo he caught the infection, yea the malady was great, for he lost a goodly nose! — Umh. —

BEWARE of gluttony, for gluttony maketh a big belly, yea an exceeding big belly: behold, my friends, the glutton is a nuisance, yea, in divers ways he is a nuisance, inasmuch as he doth blow  
and



## THE BALLOON JESTER.

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and belch, and often times the wind escapeth from behind him, with a mighty noise, and sendeth forth an unsavory smell. — Umh. —

AND, lastly, beware of bibbing, that is to say, after the manner of the wicked ones, beware of tipling, for by bibbing ye drown the spirit and put out the light within. Behold, a bibber is a stumbling-block in the way of the righteous, even as neighbour Spiggot was, who, ye all know, was a bibber : but verily I'll say no more of him, as he and I have often times passed a merry eve together ; for lol his tap was always free for me to go unto ; yea, oft' I turned it and turned it again, and the liquor which I drew from thence was pleasant to my natural woman, it was reviving, yea, my friends, it was a cordial. — Umh. —

## P R O P A G A T I O N.

*Tune, Religion's a politic law.*

S I N C E something from me is requi'd,

Without much delay, I'll endeavour  
My best to perform, for my best

At this circle's service is ever :  
Therefore, if you've patience to hear me,  
I'll seize on the present occasion,

And sing (if for singing 'twill pass)  
A few lines upon propagation.

Ere man's clay was bak'd, this injunction

Was given to birds, beasts, and fishes,  
(When seen all was good,) propagate

And fruitful be after your species :

Then Adam was made, and he nam'd them,  
But sulc'd, through his lone situation,

Till



Till Eve was made for him, and then  
They soon set about propagation.

And propagate bravely they did,  
But soon, as in scripture is stated,  
With vice the whole earth was o'er-run,  
On Eve by old Nick propagated:  
Through which cause, if Noah, so sly,  
(For household's and self's preservation,)  
Hadn't boat-builder turn'd, then had been  
A finis to all propagation.

Religion was then propagated,  
Till priests, finding bus'ness declining,  
Trump'd fiction poetical up,  
Nicknam'd, to fleece fools, a divine thing;  
Which fun to keep up, to this day,  
The jugglers of Christian persuasion,  
With phyzzes so pious, fleece us,  
And say, " 'tis for truth's propagation."

Fanatics blind zeal propagate,  
But name it, — pure light from the gospel,  
And say, — ye who doubt it, the devil  
Will have of your souls a nice morsel.  
The law propagates, and names justice,  
Quirk, quibble, and equivocation,  
And M<sup>\*nsf\*\*\*</sup>d himself would seem dull  
If 'twas not for quirk's propagation.

Jews propagate tricking in trade,  
But sily say, — they're fools that trust 'em;  
The fops propagate, and name taste,  
Each Frenchified folly and custom.  
The quack, with his nostrums (which he  
His specifics names) hums the nation,

With—

## THE BALLOON JESTER.

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With — these and these only insure  
Good health and long life's propagation.

The fair-sex oft' propagate scandal,  
Whilst they are at tea situated,  
And name it meer chit-chat, — but soft,  
By us it should not be related ;  
Since we, from our joyous carousals,  
Through wine's potent exhilaration,  
Are often for keeping it up,  
With — this we name fun's propagation.

But we, who've here met, let us now  
(Avoiding all four reservation,)  
In songs, toasts, and sentiments, join,  
To smother dull care and vexation :  
And thus we ourselves, well as others,  
Shall ever have ample occasion  
To say, — 'was an hour or two spent  
In genuine mirth's propagation.

*Note, By omitting the first and last stanzas of the foregoing song, and inserting instead the two following as first and last, it is rendered applicable to a christening, for a festival of which kind it was originally written.*

### *First Stanza.*

YE goffers, and gommers, and gossips,  
My ditty I beg you'll attend to,  
Not meaning, in any degree,  
With indecent words to offend you,  
Which else you might think, when I say,  
I seize on the present occasion  
To sing (if for singing 'twill pass)  
A few lines upon propagation.

*Last*

*Last stanza.*

*[Taking up a glass.]*

So here's wishing health to all those

Who like *[introducing the reputed father's name]*  
are steady,

In wedlock to propagate, though

They've nine or ten young ones already ;

Likewise that no female whate'er

May miss the heart-warming occasion

In conjugal bliss to obey

Dame Nature's first law, propagation.

Three sailors having drank pretty freely on board their ship in the River, hail'd a boat to carry them on shore at Greenwich, and in order to regale themselves at Bet Simpson's with a can of grog, had provided a bottle of brandy for that purpose ; but the waterman happening to run foul of a hawser, nearly overset the boat ; when one of them fell overboard, and was not perceived for some time ; when one of them looking round, and perceived Tom in the water, said, ' Hip, Will look out, Tom has fell overboard. '—' Is he, by God—, (replies the other) 'D—n his blood *he's got the brandy bottle with him !*—*Ay*, replies the other, *he's gone to Bet Simpson's with it.*—And then bid the waterman bear a-head.

## M A T R I M O N Y.

*Tune, Ge ho Dobbin.*

WHO me sing a song ? I in truth must refuse you,  
Much doubting that my poor attempts would  
amuse you. —

Though,

# THE BALLOON JESTER. 25

Though, since 'tis your wish, what avails more  
evasion?

Here throws off without farther fuss or persuasion.

Hey down derry  
Ho down derry  
Hey down ho down  
Hi derry down.

I mean not to sing about physic or law,  
Court hums, city factions, smooth peace, orrough  
war,

Jews, Pagans, or—stop though—for some seem to  
say,

Whatever you mean, quickly out with it, pray.

Hey down derry, &c.

I mean then to sing about that which some folks,  
Through envy or fun, make a but for their jokes,  
In short, I intend, if none here say 'tis wrong,  
To make matrimony the theme of my song.

Hey down derry, &c.

A hook 'tis that's too often baited with pelf;

A custom, antique as antiquity's self;

A rode that's oft' dusty, now smooth and now  
rough;

A yoke, which, once yok'd with, you're yok'd fast  
enough.

Hey down derry, &c.

A knot 'tis, flipt only by death or divorce;

A change, which to change to's for better for  
worse;

A race—but suppose I take wind, for i'faith

I've sung 'till I've sung myself just out of breath.

Hey down derry, &c.

A race 'tis, where love should *spur* on, between two,  
And mutual regard as the *prize* they should view;

D

And



And if in the *course* all obstructions you'd shun,  
 Make prudence the *bridle*, with ease 'twill be done.  
 Hey down Derry, &c.

And now, that affection and conjugal merriment  
 May be their good lot who dares make the experiment,

I trust, is the wish of all here, as it mine is,  
 And thus to my song I've at length made a finis.

Hey down derry  
 Ho down derry  
 Hey down ho down  
 Hi derry down.

*Note.* If the above song be sung at a wedding, the  
 second verse of the last stanza may be thus rendered, as  
 being more immediately apposite to the occasion. viz.

May be their good lot who've just made the experiment.

Swift, Arbuthnot, and Parnell, who were all  
 coteremporaries and intimates of Lord Bathurst,  
 took the advantage of a fine frosty morning to walk  
 down to a little place his Lordship had, about eleven  
 miles from town.—When they were about  
 half way, Swift, who was remarkable for being an  
 old traveller, and getting the best room and warm-  
 est bed, pretended he did not like their pace, and  
 said he would walk on before, and inform his lord-  
 ship of the journey. This they agreed to, but he  
 was no sooner out of sight than they, judging his  
 errand, sent off a horseman by a bye way, to in-  
 form his lordship of the particulars. The man got  
 there time enough to deliver his message, when his  
 lordship recollecting Swift never had the small-pox,  
 thought of the following device. When he saw  
 him

## THE BALLOON JESTER.

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him coming up the avenue, he ran out to meet him, expressing his happiness at seeing him, but was mortified at one circumstance, as it must deprive him of the pleasure of his company, and that was, that a raging small-pox was in the house, but begged he would accept such accommodations as a little house at the bottom of the avenue would afford. Swift was necessitated to comply, and in this lonesome situation, afraid to speak to any one around him, he was served with dinner. In the evening, however, the wits thought proper to release him, by going down in a body to inform him of the deception, and that the fifth best room and bed in the house were at his service. Swift, however he might be inwardly mortified, thought it his interest to join in the laugh: when they all adjourned to the mansion house, and spent the evening in that manner that can be very well conceived by those who were in the least acquainted with the brilliancy of their characters.

Some years ago the late Colley Cibber dined at a great man's house. Five things were placed on a table in silver dishes, and silver covers to each; when the company were called from the study to dinner, which consisted of the gentleman of the house, a hungry Scotch author, a captain of a ship, and Colley. As soon as they came to the table, each dish was uncovered by a fine gentleman in a laced waistcoat and ruffles, and given to five footmen to carry off; and, to their great surprise, consisted of, at top a silver dish with seven veal chops, broiled off a neck of veal; at bottom, six Yarmouth dried herrings (broiled) in a silver dish; on one side a silver dish with boil'd spinnage, and five poached eggs; on the other side a silver dish, with nine boiled white potatoes; in the middle a

D

silver

silver dish, mounted on a silver stand, with some potted char.—It being Christmas time, Colley only eat one chop and a little char, expecting the second course something more substantial; when, all on a sudden, (as soon as they had got down each a chop) the gentleman cried out, *Do any of you love toasted cheese?*—As none of them had dined, they all cried ‘Yes.’ Immediately a fine silver cheese-toaster, in a silver pan, was brought in with the toasted cheese.—Then the master of the house, who had all dinner-time drank port wine and water, drank the King’s health in a bumper, which was pledged by all the company; then another toast was drank, which finished that only bottle they had; when he cried out, *Bring in the tea*; and bid the coachman have the chariot at the door at six; which was genteely bidding them go off by that time, which they did; yet, as they passed thro’ the hall, five fellows with ruffles had the impudence to stand open sisted to be touched; but Colley cocked his hat, and taking the Scotch author with him; ‘Gentlemen, (said he, in my lord’s hearing) *I am going to dine at the Cardigan Head, and shall pay for my dinner there.*’

A gentleman, who had been a great traveller, would oftentimes talk so extravagantly of the wonderful things he had seen abroad, that a friend of his took notice to him of his exposing himself as he did to all companies, and ask’d him the meaning of it? Why, says the traveller, I have got such a habit of lying since I have been abroad, that I really hardly know when I lye, and when I speak truth; and should be very much oblig’d to you, if you would tread upon my toe at any time, when I am likely to give myself too much liberty that way. His friend promis’d he would; and accordingly  
not

## THE BALLOON JESTER.

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not long after, being at a tavern with him and other company, when the traveller was, amongst the other strange things, giving an account of a church he had seen in Italy, that was above two miles long, he trod on his toe, just as one of the company had ask'd, How broad that same church might be? Oh, said he, not above two feet. Upon which, the company bursting into a loud laugh: *Zounds*, said he, *if you had not trod upon my toe, I should have made it as broad as it was long.*

The duchess of Newcastle, who wrote plays and romances, in king Charles the Second's time, ask'd bishop Wilkins, How she could get up to the world in the moon, which he had discover'd; for as the journey must needs be very long, there would be no possibility of going through it, without resting on the way? *Oh, madam*, said the bishop, *your grace has built so many castles in the air, that you cannot want a place to built at.*

An old man who had marry'd a young wife, complain'd to a friend, how unhappy he had always been: *When I was young*, said he, *I went abroad for want of a wife; and now I am old, my wife goes abroad for want of a husband.*

A rich farmer's son, who had been bred at the University, coming home to visit his father and mother, they being one night at supper on a couple of fowls, he told them, that by Logic and Arithmetic, he could prove these two fowls to be three. Well, let us hear, said the old man. Why this, cry'd the scholar, *is one*, and this, continu'd he, *is two*, two and one, you know make three. Since you have made it out so well, answer'd the old man, *your mother shall have the first fowl, I will have the second,*



*second, and the third you may keep to yourself for your great learning.*

One good housewife, who was a notable woman at turning and torturing her old rags, was recommending her dyer to another, as an excellent fellow in his way : That's impossible, said the other, for I hear he is a great drunkard, and beats his wife, and runs in every body's debt, What then, said the first, he may never be the worse dyer for all these things. *No, answer'd the other, can you imagine so bad a liver can die well.*

Mr. Wortley Montague, formerly ambassador at Constantinople, was one day travelling through Holland, when the price of every thing is asked before it is bespoke, to prevent imposition ; enquired of the master of an inn, where he had stopped and proposed to dine, what would be the price of a fine pheasant then in the house ? ' One guinea, Sir, replied the Hollander.' The gentleman immediately ordered it to be dressed, and when it was brought to the table, with a consequential air, desired Mynheer to *cut him off one six penny worth.*

The late king of Prussia, at a review of his gigantic regiment (of which he was very proud) asked the foreign Ministers attending him, What they thought of them ? and whether they imagined an equal number of their master's troops could beat them ? To this, in complaisance to the King's foible, they all answered in the negative ; but the same question being put to the British Ambassador, the great Earl of Stair, *I don't know, my liege,* replied he, *but of this I am well assured, that half the number would try.*

A brave

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A brave tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker's fleet in the late engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies (being a man of humor) he could not suppress his joke, saying, *It was high time for him to leave off play, when his left pin was bowed down.*

A gentleman who called to pay a morning visit to Foote, took notice of a bust of Garrick on his bureau, 'Do you know my reasons (says Foote) for making Garrick stand centry there?' 'No, (replied his friend) 'I placed him there, (resumed the wit) to take care of my money, for by G—I can't take care of it myself!'

When Lord Townsend was Viceroy of Ireland, his butler in preparing the cloth for a choice festival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of china plates, of a rare and beautiful pattern. 'You blockhead (cries his lordship, meeting him presently after, with another dozen in his hand) 'How did you do it?' 'Upon my soul, my lord, they happened to fall just so,' replied the fellow, and instantly dashed them also upon the marble hearth, into a thousand pieces.

Colonel G——, coming to Foote in Suffolk-street, in an elegant new phaeton, at parting, desired Foote would come to the door, just to look at it: 'Tis a pretty thing, (said the colonel) and I have it on a new plan.' 'Before I set my eyes on it (says Foote) my dear Colonel, I'm damnably afraid you have it on the old plan,—never to pay for it.'

Dr.

Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers in his school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a-going, when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked, that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him; which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his posteriors laid bare to the rod, when the witty schoolmaster told him, if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on him as the greatest dunce in his school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich :

There was a rat—for want of stairs,  
Came down a rope—to go to pray'rs.

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and, instead of a whipping, gave him half a crown.

A very extraordinary affair happened lately at Dr. Katterfelto's Exhibition-Room, No. 22, Piccadilly :— A welch gentleman being informed that the Doctor was a very great favorite of his Majesty, and the Royal family ; being the greatest philosopher in the three kingdoms ; and that he had exhibited several times before the King, and the whole Royal family, which raised the above gentleman's curiosity to see that gentleman's exhibition ; and what made him more desirous of seeing the

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the Doctor, the same gentleman, with a party of ladies, had been three nights there, but could not obtain any admittance, till some evening last week, the room being so much crouded each night; and as soon Dr. Katterfelto began to show some of his dexterous feats, the Welch gentleman swore that the Doctor was the *diawel! the diawel!* which is in English devil! So one of the gentlemen present asked the Doctor what he had done with his black cat and kittens; the Doctor, to the great surprize of the whole company, conveyed immediately one of the kittens into the Welch gentleman's waistcoat pocket, at six yards distance, purposely to make that gentleman believe he was the devil; on finding the kitten in his waistcoat pocket, the above gentleman ran out of the room, and cried in the street, as well as in the exhibition room, that *the diawel! the diawel! was in London!* which caused a very great laughter to all the company, and that gentleman has not been with his friends in town since.

*Bon mot of the late Counsellor Clive.]* It is no secret that the marriage of Mrs. Clive, the celebrated comedian, with the counsellor of that name, was attended with continual jars and squabbles; which, according to public report, chiefly arose from the shrewish disposition of the lady. In a few months they parted, by mutual consent, to the great satisfaction of the hen pecked Counsellor; who, upon his return, soon after to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, from the Western circuit, finding his washerwoman had pawned some of his linen in his absence, dispatched his footman to engage another person in that capacity, whose honesty might be depended upon. A laundress was soon found, and, on her waiting upon Mr. Clive,

E

while



while his man was counting out the dirty cloaths to her, he made some enquiries, which occasioned the good woman to give him some account of the many respectable people she washed for; and after mentioning the satisfaction she had given to several Serjeants, Benchers, and other limbs of the law, Sir, says she, *I also work for a namesake of your honour's.—A namesake of mine!* says the counsellor; *Yes, and please you,* says she, *and a mighty good sort of a woman too, tho' she be one of the player folks.—Oh! what you wash for Mrs. Clive, the actress, do you?—Yes, indeed, Sir, and she is one of my best customers too.—Is she so,* replied the Counsellor. *Stop John! toss the cloaths back into the closet again.—Here, good woman,* says the counsellor, *I am sorry you had this trouble—here is half a crown for you; but you can never wash for me;—for I will be d—d if ever I suffer my shirt to be rubb'd against her shift any more as long as I live!*

A poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking fast into that worst of sickness, poverty. The doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send some pills which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip-box, with the following label:

*These*

## THE BALLOON JESTER.

3

*These must be used as your necessities require, be patient, and of good heart.*

He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief.

Lord Cornwallis, after a battle, found a grenadier sitting at the foot of a tree, wrapped up in a cloak, who very composedly said to him ; ‘ Noble general, order these wounded men to be taken care of, as their lives may be still saved.’ ‘ Well, but friend, said the officer, you have no thought about yourself ?’——The grenadier answered with drawing up his cloak, and shewing both his thighs carried off in the middle.

The late Duke of Ancaſter, when Lord Lindſay, went into Lincolnſhire to raiſe men for the ſervice in America. During his ſtay in that country he ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his generoſity, and affability, that he gained the goodwill, not only of all the gentry, but of every individual in the neighbourhood ; ſo captivating was his manner among the lower rank of the people, that every day he made a freſh acquiſition of recruits ; among the reſt, a country fellow, the only ſon of an old woman, from whoſe induſtry ſhe derived her ſupport, in imitation of the example of ſome of his companions, in the hour of gaiety inliſted into the ſervice : The report of it ſoon reached the ears of his mother, who next morning waited on his lordſhip, requeſting a diſcharge for her ſon, repreſenting to him her ſituation in the moſt lively colours, whiſt the tears ran down her aged and furrowed cheeks. His lordſhip, with that tendereſs peculiar to him, turned upon his heel

to conceal his emotion ; when he had recovered himself, he ~~med~~, took the poor woman by the hand, and taking five guineas from his pocket, gave them to her, saying, *Good woman you are poor—take this—from this moment your son is discharged, for the King, my master, never wishes to recruit his forces by oppressing the widow or the helpless.*

The whimsical and immortal author of Tristram Shandy was married to Mrs. Sterne on a Saturday morning ; his parishioners had timely information of this circumstance, and knowing he would preach the next morning at his parish church, and desirous at the same time of seeing the bride, they assembled in such crouds, that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride, as was expected, made her appearance, and the country folks indulged themselves with the usual observations, till Sterne mounted the pulpit : here every eye was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text, which turned out, to their astonishment, to be the following ; *‘We have toiled all night, and have caught no fish.’* The congregation looked at each other, some smiled, others stopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs, to prevent them from laughing, while the old folks wore very serious faces, and thought the humorist a very odd sort of a man for a pulpit lecturer : however, they attended to his discourse which turned out, as usual, very instructive, and all went home highly delighted with the text, but poor Mrs. Sterne, who blushed down to her fingers-end every step of the way to her house.

Sitting one evening at the Globe tavern, Fleet-street, along with the late Dr. Goldsmith, who was a great novice in the common occurrences of life,

life, he called for a mutton chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman, with whom he was intimately acquainted, turned up his nose, and asked the Doctor how he could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him? 'Stinking?' says the Doctor, 'in good truth I don't smell it.' 'I never smelt any thing so disagreeable in my life, (says the gentleman) the rascal deserves a caning for being so heedless to bring you such carrion.' 'In good truth (says the poet) I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment.' He instantly called the waiter, and after persuading the poor fellow that the chop stunk worse than *assa-fœtida* he insisted as a punishment that he should set down and eat it himself. The waiter argued, but he might as well attempt to beat Charles Macklin out of an opinion; the Doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane, if he did not immediately comply with his punishment—When the waiter had swallowed half the chop, the Doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking, with his usual good nature, it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful. When the waiter was done, Goldsmith's friend burst into a horse laugh. 'What in God's name ails you now?' says the poet. 'Indeed, my dear friend, I could never think that any man, whose knowledge of letters was so extensive as your's, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour; the chop was as fine a one as ever I saw in my life.' 'Was it,' (says the doctor) 'then I shall never give credit to what you say again, and so, in good truth, I think I am even with you.'

A bailiff clapt a man on the shoulder, said, I arrest you Sir, for a horse (meaning for the money he owed for a horse) 'Why, replied the defendant, thou



thou coxcomb, thou art not certainly such a fool as thou makest thyself? Pray look upon me again, what likeness can you see, that you take me for a horse?'—Then tripping up his heels, said, *However I'll shew you a horse trick; and after giving him two or three kicks, left him in the kennel, and so ran off.*

A country parson who had a great desire to disengage himself from a company of hungry gentlemen that came to his house, after he had told them, at first, that they were welcome, and made a show of sending his servants some to draw ale, and others to kill fowls; at the same time he took his surplice and prayer-book in his hand, and prepared himself to go abroad. Where are you going Mr. Parson? said the gentlemen. He answered, 'I'll return in a minute, for I must go, whilst the dinner is making ready, to pray by a poor man dying of the plague;' and upon saying this, went out immediately. Upon which the strangers were so frightened, that they ran away full drive, and fled as if *the plague had been at their heels.*

Dean Swift standing one winter's day at the deanery window, saw a very poor and ancient woman sitting on the steps, shivering with cold. His footman happened to come to the door: when the poor creature besought him, in a piteous tone, to deliver a petition, which she held in her hand, to his reverence. The servant read it, and told her, with infinite scorn, his master had something else to mind than her petition. *What's that you say, fellow,* (said the Dean, looking out at the window) *come up here.* The man trembling obeyed him: He also desired the poor woman to come before him,

him, made her sit down, and ordered her some bread and wine ; after which he turned to the man and said, *At what time, Sir, did I order you to open a paper directed to me ? or to refuse a letter from any one ? Hark ye, firrah, you have been admonished by me for drunkenness, idling, and other faults ; but since I have discovered your inhuman disposition, I must dismiss you from my service.—So pull off my cloaths—take your wages, and let me hear no more from you—*

The fellow did so, and having vainly solicited a written discharge, (which is customarily given in Ireland, to servants, when dismissed from a place) was compelled to go to sea, where he continued five years ; at the end of which time, finding that life far different from the ease and luxury of his former occupation, he returned, and humbly confessing, in a petition to the Dean, his former transgressions, and assuring him of his entire reformation, which the dangers he had undergone at sea had happily wrought, he begged the Dean would give him some sort of a discharge.—Accordingly the Doctor called for a pen and ink, and gave him the following dismissal, with which he set out for London :

“ Whereas the bearer ——— served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and a drunkard, I then discharged him as such ; but how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter chuse to employ him.”

*Deanery House,  
Oct. 9 1739.*

J. SWIFT.

No man had a greater aversion to excess of ridiculous company than Dean Swift ; an instance of  
which

which we shall here relate. A lady of this turn having given the Dean an invitation to dinner, and as she had heard he was not easily pleased, she had taken a month to provide for it. When the time came, every delicacy which could be purchased the lady had prepared, even to profusion, (which Swift hated.) However, he was scarce seated, when she began to make a ceremonious harangue; in which she told him, 'That she was sincerely sorry she had not a more tolerable dinner, since she was apprehensive there was not there any thing fit for him to eat; in short, that it was a bad dinner.—*Pox take you* (said the Dean) *why did you not get a better? Sure you had time enough! But since you say it is so bad, I'll e'en go home and eat a herring.* Accordingly he departed, and left her justly confused at her folly, which had spoilt all the pains and expence she had been at.

Pope having been lighted home by a link-boy, offered to give something less than he expected; upon which he demanded more; Pope protested that he had no more half-pence left; repeating a term familiar to him, when a little vexed, 'God mend me!' The boy finding that nothing was to be got, went away muttering loud enough to be overheard, 'God mend me, God mend me, quotha! Five hundred such as I might be made before one such a crooked son of a bitch as you could be mended!' Pope, on this, called him back, and gave him half a crown as a reward for his wit.

A Quaker lodging at an inn, the house being full, a damning blade came up into his room, and would have hector'd him out; but he told him 'twas his room, and by yea and nay, he should not  
come

## THE BALLOON JESTER. 41

come there. The heñor then began to thunder out his oaths, and to strike him ; but the Quaker, being a stout fellow, returned his blows double and treble, and at last kick'd him down stairs. With that, the master of the house sending the tapster to know the occasion of all that noise, he told him, 'twas nothing, but that *Yea and nay* had kick'd *G—d damme* down stairs.

A rattling young fellow from London, putting into a country inn, seeing a plain rough-hewn farmer there ; says he, you shall see me dumb-found that countryman ; So going up to him, he gives his hat a twirl round, saying, ' There's half a crown for you countryman.' The former, after recovering a little from his surprize, reared his oaken towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome drubs on the shoulders, saying. " I thank you for your kindness, friend, there's two shillings of your money again."

A bridegroom, the first night he was in bed with his bride, said unto her, ' When I solicited thy chastity, hadst thou condescended, I would never have made thee my wife, for I did it only to try thee. *Faith*, said she, *I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened so three or four times before, and I was resolved to be fooled no more.*

A gentleman amusing himself in the gallery of the *Palais*, a place in Paris somewhat like what our Exchanges formerly were, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's there, a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him ; the gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of these times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels ; upon  
F which



which the thief, for such he was, began to have a design ; and the gentleman, not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, on purpose to give him an opportunity ; the thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags ; the gentleman immediately perceived it, and sily drawing out of his pocket a penknife, which cut like a razor, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close from his head. ‘ Murder ! murder !’ (cries the thief) ‘ Robbery ! robbery !’ (cries the gentleman) upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, cried, *There are your tags and buttons.* ‘ Very well, (says the gentleman, throwing it back in the like manner) *There is your ear.*’

Old Tafwell, the comedian, having a dispute in the green room with Mrs. Clive the actress, ‘ Madam, says he, I have heard of tartars and brimstones, but, by G—, *you are the Cream of the one, and the flower of the other.*’

A gentleman travelling with a large sum about him, just after Lord Mohun had been killed in a duel with Duke Hamilton, was stopped by a couple of highwaymen, “ For heaven’s sake, gentlemen, don’t stop me !” said the traveller ; “ I am riding for my life.” The highwaymen demanded what he meant ? “ My name,” answered he, “ is Maccartney\*, I was concerned in the murder of Lord Mohun, and I need not inform you what a price is set upon my head.” The rogues upon this information, immediately altered their plan, and

\* Maccartney was thought guilty of foul play in the above duel, and a large reward offered for apprehending him.

conveyed

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conveyed the gentleman to the next justice, in hopes of the reward. But, the magistrate being made sensible he was not Maccartney, and the reason why he had called himself so, being explained, the gentleman was set at Liberty, and his apprehenders were detained in safe custody.

A young man of distinction, just returned from the grand tour, and who exerted the traveller's privilege of embellishing the truth with the flowers of invention, with a great deal of freedom, was one day recounting the number of presents he had received from different foreign princes, particularly a very grand bridle given him by the French king. "It is so elegantly ornamented with gold and precious stones," said he, "that I cannot think of putting it in the mouth of my horse; what shall I do with it?" continued he, to an old veteran in the army.—"Put it in your own, my Lord," replied the officer.

When the Fables of La Motte were first published, all the pretended connoisseurs in Paris affected to despise them. Voltaire about that time, happened to be present at an entertainment, at the Prince de Vendosme's, where several of the first critics of the time were also invited; The company entertained themselves with ill-natured remarks upon Poor La Motte, and Voltaire joined in their censures. "But have you seen, Gentlemen," says he, "the last edition of La Fontaine?" This was answered in the negative. "Then," proceeds he, "you have not seen that beautiful fable of his, which was found among the papers of the Duchess of Bouillon? I believe I can repeat it." They all desired he would, and he complied. When he had done, every one was charmed with

the poem, and all strove who would say most in its commendation : But Voltaire stopped the career of their applause, by saying, “ I beg pardon for a little mistake ; this piece is not La Fontaine’s but La Motte’s ; as you may convince yourselves, by taking the trouble to read his fables.”

*Bon mot of the late Duke of Orleans.*

A French nobleman had been smartly satirized by Voltaire, and, meeting the poet one night soon after, he gave him a pretty severe caning. The poet immediately flew to the Duke of Orleans, told him how he had been used by the nobleman, and begged him to do him justice. “ Sir,” replied the duke, with a significant smile, “ you have had it done you already.”

*An embarrassing Mistake.*

*Related by the celebrated Dr. Goldsmith.*

“ I was invited,” says he, “ by my friend Mr. Percy, to wait upon the duke of Northumberland, in consequence of the satisfaction he had received from the perusal of one of my productions. I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and, after studying some compliment I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded to Northumberland-house, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with his grace. They shewed me into an antichamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman, very elegantly dressed, made his appearance. Taking him for the duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed, in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me ; when, to my great astonishment, he told me, I had  
mistaken

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mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant, the duke came into the apartment ; and I was so confused on the occasion, that I wanted words barely to express my sense of the duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed."

A jury having given 1500*l.* damages against Sir R—— H——ly, for criminal conversation with a gentleman's wife ; as the defendant was going out of court, he cried, "*Damn these twelve aptraisers, they have confounded'y over-valued my pastime.*"

It is not long ago since Tom King, one of Thalia's greatest favourites, but whose cause the blind goddess had never till now espoused, meeting with a certain sporting gentleman, under the Piazza in Covent-Garden, they retired to an adjacent tavern to take a main at hazard for five guineas. Tom soon lost his first stake, and with much resignation eat his supper and drank his bottle. His adversary, however, proposed to him a second main, which Tom at first refused engaging in, saying, he had not, he believed, money enough about him to answer the bett ; but this was over-ruled by his adversary replying, his word was sufficient for a hundred times the sum. They renewed the party, and in a few hours Tom won two thousand four hundred guineas. Tom's wife, who by the bye is a very good one, had sat up all night as usual, after having sent every where in search of him, without being able to gain any tidings, when he returned from his lucky vigil. Her enquiries were naturally very pressing to know where he had been, and what had kept him out so long ; to all which he  
made



made no other answer than very peremptorily saying, "Bring me a bible."—"A bible!" she echoed with some ejaculation, "I hope you have not poisoned yourself."—"Bring me a bible," continued Tom.—"I suppose," she resumed, "you have lost some great sum, but never mind, we can work for more."—"Bring me a bible, I say," still uttered Tom.——"Good Lord, what can be the matter?" said Mrs. King, "I don't believe there is such a thing in the house, without it be in the maid's room." Thither she went, and found part of one without a cover; when, having brought it to Tom, he fell upon his knees, and made a most fervent oath never to touch a die or card again; whilst she all the time endeavoured to alleviate his grief, of which she considered this as the effusion, owing to some considerable loss. When he had finished and rose up, he flung fourteen hundred pounds in bank-notes upon the table, saying, "*There, my dear, there is fourteen hundred pounds I have won to night, and I shall receive a thousand more by to-morrow noon, and I'll be damn'd if ever I risk a guinea of it again.*"

A lady, who once paid a visit to Mr. Quin, at his house at Kingston, near London, expressed great satisfaction on viewing the garden, and its environs; and was remarkably well pleased with a fine piece of water, as she called it, at the bottom of the garden; though in fact it was little more than a ditch. "Pray, Mr. Quin," says the lady, "how do you get this canal supplied with water?"—"Madam," replied Quin, "*my maids empty their chamber-pots in it every morning.*"

New TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

MAY we draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

MAY we learn to be frugal before we are obliged to be so.

MAY the desires of our hearts be virtuous, and those desires be gratified.

Riches without pride, or poverty without meanness.

MAY we breakfast with Health, dine with Friendship, crack a bottle with Mirth, and sup with the goddess Contentment.

MAY we always forget when we forgive an injury.

MAY we never desire what we cannot obtain.

MAY we treat our friends with kindness, and our enemies with generosity.

To the honest fellow that loves his bottle at night and his business in the morning.

MAY we fly from the temptations which we cannot resist.

MAY virtue be our armour when wickedness is our assailant.

A good horse, a warm house, a snug estate, and a pretty wife, to every man that deserves them.

Perdition to the man that owes his greatness to his country's ruin.

The cause of liberty throughout the world.

All fortune's daughters but the eldest.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Love to one, friendship to a few, good-will to all.

MAY

MAY we be slaves to nothing but our duty,  
and friends to nothing but merit.

MAY we never seek applause from party principles,  
but always deserve it from public spirit.

MAY our benevolence be bounded only by our  
fortune.

MAY temptation never conquer virtue.

MAY the honest heart never feel distress.

MAY we never want a friend, and a bottle to  
give him.

Friendship without interest, and love without  
deceit.

A cobweb pair of breeches, a porcupine saddle,  
a hard trotting horse, and a long journey, to all  
the enemies of Ireland.

Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our  
taste.

MAY the public spirit be supported by the Con-  
stitution, and the Constitution be upheld with  
Public spirit.

Pleasures that please on reflexion.

Merit to gain a heart and sense to keep it.

MAY the parliament of this country be com-  
posed of men of real property, integrity and pub-  
lic spirit.

Addition to our trade, Multiplication to our  
manufactories, Substraction to our taxes, and Re-  
duction to our useless pensions and places.

The Trio, Great Britain, Ireland, and Ame-  
rica.

MAY a virtuous offspring succeed to mutual  
and honourable love.

General Elliot and the brave garrison of Gibrat-  
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